PUTTING A 16-POUND SHOT. AN ATHLETIC GAME THAT IS NOT GEN.

ERALLY UNDERSTOOD.

Bow a Novice Starts in the Learn the Game

-Men Who Fut the Shot in the Proper

Way-Some of the Beat Eccords.

Weight-throwing in amateur athietics congists of three distinct styles. They are putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and throwing the shot, throwing the hammer, and throwing the fe-pound weight. The last two are quite similar, although the respective records are very far apart in distance, but putting the shot differs from the other two very much in the muscles used while performing at it. It is also a game in which a comparatively medium weight athiete for a weight thrower may do a fair performance, and to prove this, attention is called to the fact that George R, Gray, who holds the best amateur record in the world at putting the 16-pound shot (45 feet 2 inches). holds the best smateur record in the world at putting the 16-pound shot (45 feet 2 inches). weighs only about 180 pounds, which is con-sidered a light weight for a weight thrower.

Weight throwers, as a rule, are men of the build of James B. Mitchell, C. A. J. Queckberner, F. L. Lambrecht, W. L. Coudon, Charles Coughlan, and others who could be mentioned. These athletes average between 215 and 220 pounds, and Gray is like a pigmy alongside of them, but at putting the shot none of these can compare with him, even though they are 30, 40, and 50 pounds heavier. At throwing the



other two weights Gray is no match for them. and it is considered next to impossible for a light man to beat a heavy one at throwing the nammer or 56-pound weight. It is noticed that an athlete generally throws weights in proportion to his own weight, and no exception to this impression has yet come before notice with the hammer or the "56," but Gray's case in putting the shot is directly opposite to this theory, although it had previously been noticed that in putting the shot a man's weight does not have everything to do with his ability to perform at it.

Disputes arise occasionally at athletic games in regard to whether a certain athlete is "putting" or "throwing" the shot, and only an expert at the game can distinguish in many of the cases a fair from an unfair delivery. A "put" is nothing but a fair square push from the shoulder, while a "throw" is where the athlete will get his hand back of his shoulder and describe a curve while sending the missile from him. It is very easy to detect an out-andout throw, such as, for instance, if an athlete were strong enough to throw a 16-pound shot as the average man would a base ball, but nearly all the unfair deliveries consist of a compromise type. Part of the motion may im press one as being a throw, and the remainder

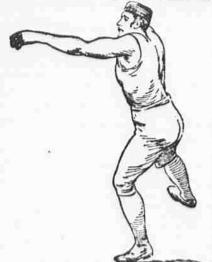


strong-armed men would not hold good, for they might throw those weights further than they could not them. An excellent way to teach a novice to put the shot fairly is to have him practice with a shot, of sufficient weight that there is no tendence to throw it.

The game is provably the most popular of all the weight-throwing overlas, and is generally the first one tackled by an athlete with weight-throwing propensities. To the average spectator it does not appear to be specially scientific, such as throwing the hammer or "56" might seem to be, and one who has never tried the game is surprised that he cannot send the ball further on his first attempt. Although the record for putting the 16 nounds is \$5 test, the average man would be doing well in sending it 25 feet, which is not much of a percentage in what has been done at it. The game is decoprive, but it looks so slimple that many are attracted to practising it only to find out how weak they are.

weak they are.

The correct position to assume while in the act of delivering the ball is shown in the first sliustration. The shot in this picture happens to be reading against the athlete's neck, but it is immaterial whether it is there or a few inches away. Some athletes cannot hold the shot against the neck on account of the muscle



in the upper arm being so large as to prevent the cloow from being bent as much a is necessary to hold the shot in that way. Gray, when he is standing preparatory to putting the bail, holds it an inch or two away from his shoulder, and it would be a useless effort for him to put the shot against his neck on account of his large biceps. This picture shows the right knee being lent, and the only fault that some shot putters might mention in regard to the general style is that the clow is a little too high, and that the arm, in place of pointing at the angle it shows should be so inclined as to give the shot a more upward delivery. The missile should not be grasped in the hand, and should rest easily anywhere between the palm and the fingers, Gray holds it on the palm, while others balance it entirely on the fingers. It is purely a matter of taste, and has nothing to do with the arm motion in the actual delivery, atthough some claim that an extra spring from the fingers can be obtained ust as the shot leaves the hand by having the shot rest entirely on them. Those be obtained just as the shot leaves the hand by having the shot rest entirely on them. Those who hold the ball in this way have to be very expert is getting a fair square push, for the tendency for the shot to roll off while putting it is greater than when held in the palm of the hand and partly surrounded by the fingers.

It is not a bad idea for the nevice to practise

putting the shot from a stand in place of be-ginning right away in trying it with a seven-foot run, which is used in competitions. The habit of getting a good delivery is developed better from a stand than with a run. The first



pulled it back after delivering the missile. It makes no difference whether the shot is put from a run or a stand, the motion in delivering it should be the same in each case. A seven-foot run adds extra momentum to the athlete while he is performing the game and there should be between three and five feet difference in putting under the two styles.

In practising with a run the athlete should start from the back of the seven-foot circle, from which the present rules say all weights shall be thrown, and assume the position shown in the first picture. If he is a right-handed putter, he should raise his left leg, hop on his right foot between three and four feet toward the front of the circle, and land in the very same position from which he started. Then he should go through the movements as previously described in putting from a stand. Care should be taken in putting from a stand. Care should be taken in putting from a stand. Care should be taken in putting with a run not to hop too far in the first hop or so that the front foot will overstep the edge of the circle. Most shot putters gauge their first hop so as to have their hind foot land about in the middle of the ring, which will bring the other one several inches from the front edge, and also allow plenty of room to spread the legs and assume a steady position necessary in tunning the body for the delivery.

One who has not tried the game might suppose that the arm did nearly all the work, but such is not the case, and it is the strong, quick movement from the walst which adds materially to the distance of a put. The further back one leans preparatory to delivering the ball just so much more force can be given to the arm in being backed up by the shoulder com-



ing forward caused by the waist motion. Very often the athiete will follow the shot too far with the motion of his body, and even though his front fort is firmly on the ground, his arm being extended so far out, combined with the motion of his body, may tend to overbal ance him, and he will fall or step over the line, which is a foul and renders his effort useless. To offset this there is in every good put a feeling of being pushed back from the line, for the athlete is shoving against the shot, and in doing so he pushes himself back. Good putters have often said that they experience this sensation in making their best efforts, and it can only happen when a straight push is used, for if the shot gets away from a straight line the athlete's body gets aloud over.

The fourth illustration pictures an athlete which is a "put." With the light way, which is a "put." With the light-weight shots, such as 'put." With the light way, which is a 'put. I have a such as 'put. I have



too far out. The feet have not been changed yet, and it is doubtful if he eventually ended the motion by changing them. The style is awkward and not much force could be given to the bail by it. If he had been a good performer the arm would not have travelled so far when the body was in the position shown, for the body movement in a good putter is almost finished before the arm is pushed out.

The sixth illustration shows a style even worse than that of the preceding picture. There is hardly any form to this one, for the shot is way off to the side and in a position where comparately no force can be given it. It is a first rate sample of an athlete endeavoring to throw the hall, for it is too heavy to allow the same motion displayed in a regular base ball throw, yet the athlete is endeavoring very hard to send it as far as he can and he does not know how to give it a straight push. The style is one which generally hurts the performer's arm, for any kind o' a throw of a heavy missile produces an undue strain on the muscles of that member. Judging by the way the legs are shown in this picture one would become all the more impressed that the principal was a beginner at the game, and there is nothing in his whole attitude which gives any sign of stability.

The best records at shot putting by both professionals and amateurs are interesting in comparison. For a 12-pound shot the amateur record is 52 feet 2 inches by Gray, while the best professional record is 50 feet 'w inch by John McPherson. For 14 pounds the best professional record of 17 pounds. The best amateur record for 14 pounds is 46 feet 3's inches by F. I. Lambrecht. J. O'Brien of Ireinad holds the best amateur record of Great Britain for putting the 16-pound shot. This bigures are 41 feet 10's inches. Gray's world's record at this distance beats it by 3's inches. The best professional record for 12 pounds. The best amateur record for 14 pounds is 46 feet 3's inches by F. I. Lambrecht. J. O'Brien of Ireinad holds the best amateur record at this weight is 4

THE MEN AT THE THROTTLE. ALL WHO STICK IN TIME OF DANGER

ARE NOT HEROES.

An Old Engineer Says It to Often Safer Not to Jump-Some Interesting Illustrations of His Theory-" Doe," Simmons's Pate.

"Things have changed considerably since you used to ride with me," said a prominent railroad official to a reporter the other day, and the reporter was compelled to admit that they had, for in the days recailed the now general superintendent of a great railroad was an engineer and the scribe a junior clerk in the freight department of the company employing both.

"Yes," continued the old gentleman, "everything is changed except the average newspaper writer's idea of the crushing weight of responsibility under which the locomotive engineer is supposed to constantly stagger. That never changes. I am led to this observation by the account of yesterday's accident on the X., Y. and Z, road, which I had finished reading as you came in."

To what part of the idea do you object, Mr. A. ?" asked the reporter. 'I don't object to any of it. The account I have just read has merely revived my oft-aroused amusement at the persistent assumption that the engineer of a passenger train is accustomed to strike a heroic attitude upon mounting his engine and maintain it to the and of his run, however long it may be; the assumption that he stands rigid on the foot-board, with one hand firmly grasping the throttle and the other clutching the reverse lever, his eyes riveted on the track ahead of him, and his soul racked with anxiety for the safety of the precious human freight committed to his charge. You have ridden on many engines; did you ever see such an exhibition?" The reporter confe-sed that he never did, and

the now thoroughly communicative ex-engi-

neer continued: "Engineers as a class are probably the most industrious, sober, and intelligent of all men engaged in skilled mechanical labor. They unquestionably have a thorough appreciation of the responsibility of their duties and conduct themselves accordingly, but the theory that they have no thought while on duty save the all-absorbing one of snatching human beings from the jaws of death, and that the fear of danger to their passengers so constantly gnaws at their hearts that their hair turns gray and their backs bend beneath the terrible load, is one of the most ridiculous fancies imaginable. "It is almost invariably assumed by the reporter of a railroad accident, and therefore implicitly believed by the average reader, that the man who sticks to his engine in the face of an inevitable collision does so because of his devotion to his trust—the safety of his passengers. We who know better can see a hundred other reasons for his apparent determination not to describ its post. Sell-preservation is the first law of nature, and no man confronting almost certain death sinks all thoughts of his own safety beneath a wave of anytely for the preservation of others. Some engineers, though they are not in the majority, contend that a man's chances of escaping injury or danger to their passengers so constantly gnaws

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the murdered President from New York to Albany on its memorable journey to Springfield, Ill. William Buchanan, then master mechanic of the Hudson River Road and now superintendent of motive power of the New York Central system, acting as engineer of the "Constitution," Since that time both machines have been rebuilt, and the later substitution of numbers for names in designating the engines of that road placed them in the list as numbers 56 and 57 respectively.

"But until accidents shall be governed by specific rules no man can say what another may or shall do in a moment of great danger, and the question whether it is safer to jump or to hang on must forever remain unanswered. I have seen two men crawl unscattled from a cab so completely smashed that it didn't seem possible that a haby could be squeezed into the space between the shattered roof and the footioard, yet I have known men to be killed by flying objects, though the cab in which they remained was scarcely scratched."

BOLD SERGEANT BELL.

A Story of an Audacious Graycont's Capture of a Regiment of Yankees.

Ex-Sheriff Charley Wells tells a remarkable story of an in-ident that happened while the "bloody" Faventh Georgia was campaignin the valley of Virginia. The hero of tils wonderful feat is still alive and is no less a person than Cart Sanford Rei, who daily takes his train in and out of Atlanta on the West Point road, and who is as popular a conductor in peace as he was a daring soldier in war. The facts of this story, while strictly true, and known to all the surviving members of the seventh Georgia, constitute one of the most wonderful achievements ever performed upon the theatre of war, and go far toward explaining the reason why whole bodies of even disciplined troops are liable to sudden and uncontrollable panies.

It was during Pope's advance on Richmond From the Atlanta Constitution.

ing the reason why whole bodies of even disciplined troops are lable to sudden and uncontrollable panies.

It was during Pope's advance on Richmond that the Seventh Georgia, after a day of nard and incessant lighting found itself at the confines of a large field of wheat across the centre of which there ran, as straight as an arrow, a deep ravine. The exigencies of the battle had in a measure separated them from the touch of their comrades on either flank, and, although the lifting was beavy and incessant all around them, no enemy was at that moment visible in their front. They had just repulsed an attack made by the Mineteenth Wisconsin and a portion of a New York regiment. The latter had fallen back through the wheat field and were lost to view. Dusk was quickly gathering, rendering the scene indistinct and brightening the giare of flashing musketry on all sides, the incessant roll and rattle of which told that the fight still raced. The men of the Seventh were weary with a long day's fighting, and were taking a needed rest, preparatory to charging in their turn the enemy whom they knew were concealed somewhere in or beyond that field.

It was at this moment that Sergeant Bell performed his remarkable feat—a feat than which no more daring act was ever attempted in ancient or modern warfare, and which, if it had been performed under Napoleon's eye, would have won ine gallant solder instant promotion and the grand cross of the legion. While the regiment was at latigue rest Sergeant Bell thought he would reconnoitive and stealing from the ranks he moved stealthir through the field of wheat and obliqued so as to meet the ravine at its head.

Here he beheld a sicht which for the mo-

geant Hell thought he would reconnoitre, and stealing from the ranks be moved stealthily through the field of wheat and obliqued so as to meet the ravine at its head.

Here he beheld a sicht which for the moment almost paralyzed him. The ravine was full of Federais, and he had van right plump upon them. To retreat would have been dangerons, it was one man against 300 or more, and Sergeant Bell determined to capture that regiment and take these colors with his own hand. Boldness was safety in this case, though few men would have had the fardihood to think so. Without a moment's pause he dashed boldly forward firing his musket full into the raths of the enemy, and crying to them to "surrender." throw down your arms."

The Seventh Georgia heard the shot and the cries, and sprang like bloodhounds slipped from the leash across the fleid, but too late to reb the gallant Bell of the honor due him for his victory, although just in time to give him the support he then so sorely needed. For when the leading files of the Seventh appeared they beheld four hundred muskets lying on the ground, Hell had captured them single-handed and alone, and had taken their colors with his own hand. The captured regiment was sent to the rear and great laughter, and lied became the hero of the hour. Nor can it be said that the support of his own regiment enabled feat; for it was the opinion of many witnesses of the scene that had the whole regiment appeared coming aer-ss the field they would have been saluted with a volley, and an obstinate flight might have resulted, ending in the repulse of the attacking troops, but the sudden apparition of a single wild fligure darting out of the gloom, yelling and firing right into their laces, so disconcerted them that they yielded to a general panie and were prisoners almost before they knew it.

In the words of one who was present:

"When Bell dashed at them at the end of the ravine, first one man roso up and surrendered and then another, until it looked like a flock of black birds rising up, and in

THE MARKS OF THIEVES. WHAT CONNECTION HAS BURGLARY

WITH INDIA INK? Curious Anxiety of Criminals to Mark Themselves for Permanent Identification —Making it Easy for the Police,

offensive and very useful material to assert that there is any direct connection between erime and India ink. It is singular, however, that the human mind seems to drift simul-taneously toward burglary and personal decoration of the India ing sort. Whether the burglary lends to the decoration or the ink is the incitement to burglary is one of the questions of physical and moral science that must remain unsolved in the present stage of human progress; but that the impulse to steal and the Impulse to tattoo were born twins seems certain to any one who examines a compilation of descriptions of the criminal portion of our population. Why this is so is an interesting question, but one upon which it would be idle to enter further than to remark that it seems a wise dispensation that the moral disease should thus be made to carry to a certain extent its aptidote with it.

The more marks there are upon a criminal the easier it is for the police to catch him and to hold him after he is caught. No man contemplating crime could do the police a better service than to mark himself up indelibly with India ink. It may not help much in catching him the first time, but it will nail him forever if he remains crooked after being once caught.



MEASURING A PRISONER.

It would seem that the natural risks of the business and the constant liability to being permanently marked by some accident would

change his appearance afterward, the camera has generally canght some distinctive mark or leading about which there can be no mistake. A photograph goes further with a jury, too, than most other evidence as to identification. A foryman is always prejudiced in favor of a photograph, and if he looks steadily at it for a while and then at the prisoner, he will imagine he sees even more resemblance between the picture and the fare than actually exists. Anybody can test this by taking a picture of So-and-so, whom, perhaps, it scarcedly resembles at all. The person, if he knows the one said to be photographed, will recognize the resemblance at once in nine cases out of ten.

There are some curious marks recorded in the liet and description kept at Police Head-ounters, in this city, of well-known criminals. Here are a few samples, with the names of the men to whom they apply, peaced at random from the record:

David Comming, what sloran alias Little Dave, hotel the table proper and longer and longer of the known or had become It would probably be unjust to an in-

David Comming, attas Hogan alias Little Pave, hotel thic and burgar, small cross and dols of India ink on

thiel and barging, small cross and dols of India Ink on Fig. 1 and barging, small cross and dols of India Ink on Fig. 1 and the Ink of India Ink on Fig. 1 and the Ink on Fig. 1 and Ink on Ink on Fig. 1 and Ink on Ink on

J L. on each arm. Edward Lyons, burglar and sneak; left ear has the

It is on earliering the state and sneak; left ear has the top off.

Whitam Morgan, burglar: "W.B. Morgan" on right arm, one dot of the outel hand.

Witham Couries, alms Bully Porter, alias Morton, safe burglar; sailor with American that and star in red and blue list on right arm, star and cross on outside of same arm, cruelitas on of Christ, woman kneeling, and man standing up on left arm.

Hully Forester alias, our ad Foltz, Ac., burglar: God close of therein, or irith arm oage, that and domain close of the right arm oage, that and dim an indicate the star of the same arm of the same one inch below right epope, both ears perced, took out of upper jaw left and.

Markal curtz, calas Sheeny slike, burglar, small wreath and number "44" on right arm, left arm spotted with lisk, his ring on third finger of left and John Jourdan, alias Hopont, burglar, cross on left forwarm. "" in back of one arm, wreath with word "lave" on it on left arm. it on left arm on left arm state of the left by the sales laker, burglar, coal of a rue in India ink on left forearm the confidence man sloop and owl coright first on left arm. in House collector; naval coat

eagle on right arm, buttler cart thief: Goddess of Lib-shicher and clasped hands on right on right hand a Prelix Jimmle, pickpocket; wo a heart on right hand of mins Pretty Jimmie, pickpocket; wo dress in red and blue ink, with how and or rails farm woman in story dress, hold-and a flag, on which is a skull and cross arm, anchor on back of left hand, shield rm anchor on back of left hand; shield and foreinger of ett hand; "kipotket, wired, and burgiar; "W. A.," does of his on left forearm, sheak and burgiar; coat of arms and his forearm.

indures on right breaking. John Circin a lake on the control with a last levinder, burgiar; bracelets in In-laink on ench wrist, stars and eacles on left forearm. David Stebhonev, sinck and burgiar; "L. E. 8." and L. Babert Horan, and Million and Worlds. Bebert Horan, and Million and Million and in the hand, one-ph Eston, gold brick swindler, leaf in India ink on fraces. ids, burgiar: bracelets in in-

change his appearance afterward the camera LOVE BUT NOT BLISS.

AN IRISH BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

The Irishman's Facility at Making Love, Which Justice Clifford Said Is the Only Inherited Right Not Yet Taken Away.

"I was retained by Miles Aroon Monahau of Ballinabinch, county Galway," said the Irish barrister, the other day, "to defend him in suits of breach of promise of marriage brought by three widows, Mrs. Margaret Mc-Groarty, Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, and Mrs. Mary Ann O'Calinghan. Damages were put at \$5,000 in each case. Mr. Monahan was a glib-tongued. good natured Irishman, with a jolly face, and an easy manner. He was 35 years old. This is Mr. Monahan's story of his entanglement with the widows furnished by himself:

"I'm fwhat we call a laydy's man; that is. I'm all schmirks and schmiles to a lavdy wherever I mate one, aither on the roadway or in her home. Fwhat less could I do, seein's that it is the laydys likes admiration just as a polytishun likes offis. I came by me admiration for thim the same way I got me name of Monahan. It was me father that always had a swate schmile for the laydys, and I'm told that ime ould gran father wasn't far behindhand wid the laydys sither. Shure, it's no more my fault to love widdys than it was me father's, or me ould gran'father's. I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be the widdys that 'd be suing me weren't it fer Nora Brady, one of the swatest women in Galway, who is to be me wife, Nora is a bit older than mesilf, but what matter? As long 's Nora's satisfied, I am.

"Yo' want to know 'bout the widdes. I'm telling yo' I wish I know'd less o' thim three widdys. Twould be more to me credit. I did use to be goin' into the Shamrock Inn. which same is the Widdy McGroarty's. She's a large, fat laydy wid an arrum that'd knock down a bull, if it struck it in the right spot, and a pair o' fat chalks that were not got be buttermilk. ye may bet, they were that red. Says I to the widdy, in the abstace of something more important to say:

'It's foine helth ye're afther havin', Mrs. McGroarty."
"'It's kin' o' ye. Mr. Monahan, to be sayin'

so," Mrs. McGroarty replied. "It was the cry was first, and likewise Terrince O'Callaghan. me second, and James O'Rourke, me third, sayd he was the most fortinate man in Ireland He nivvir had doctor's bills to pay for me, he said. Matthew McGroarty was that proud o'

as anchor, and belocatine on lett fenarm.

Lodin Stores, should and berglast coat of arms and
Lodin Cartin, a last. Reynolds, bargary. Iraceless in in
the his one-claim and the control of the control o